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Puck

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MC KINLEY HELD TO ACCOUNT.

THE AMERICAN WORKINGMAN.—Where 's that increase in wages you've been talking about? I have n't seen it — *you* must have it — hand it over!



PUCK,
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Wednesday, September 14th, 1892. — No. 810.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

MR. BLAINE is not yet wholly lost to an interested and often admiring populace. Only last week he did one of the Blainiest things of his whole career. It was a thing so deeply, darkly, beautifully Blaine that it lightens up this dull campaign with a beam of delightful and eminently malicious humor. It was on a bright Autumnal afternoon that he did it, on Tuesday, September 6th; and this is the manner of the doing of it. On that day, in the morning, Mr. Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States and leader of the Republican Party, who had overthrown Mr. Blaine in the National Convention, and had won his own re-nomination in the very teeth of Mr. Blaine — on that day Mr. Benjamin Harrison put forth his formal letter of acceptance for the people of the United States to read. Long, long had the public waited for it; long, long, had Mr. Harrison labored and toiled to produce it; written and re-written; altered and emended; patched and cobbled and filed at it, until at last the day had come when he was satisfied with it and willing to let it go before the world to represent his views and opinions on the political questions of the hour. And so, forth it came, bearing date of September 3rd.

And so it came forth, six mortal columns of it, and a great silence followed it. For it was a poor letter, a very poor letter; so poor a letter that Republicans had not the front to applaud it, and Democrats had not the heart to make fun of it. In the first place, it was dull and uninteresting; and that was fatal in itself, even if it had n't had a number of other things the matter with it. It was a loosely constructed and ill-balanced affair that had neither beginning, middle, nor end. It had no unity to it: it wandered and faltered and turned this way and that; now enlarging and elaborating generalities, and now dropping into scrappy and undignified passages of querulous argument. In fact, it was just the sort of letter that you might expect from a man who had been set to write a thesis on a subject, or on a group of subjects, with which he was not very familiar, in which he was not deeply interested, and upon which he felt unwilling clearly to commit himself, for fear of making some unfortunate misstatement whereof his adversaries might take advantage.

And that is just exactly the sort of letter it was; for Mr. Harrison is to-day the most conspicuous representative of the large class of perfectly honest men who take their opinions ready-made from the party to which their sentiments attach them, and who very much prefer to have the party do their thinking for them. Protection is the policy of the Republican party, and Mr. Harrison preaches protection just as readily as he would preach Homœopathy or the Metric System if his party saw fit to take up either one or the other. So far as the letter published on September 6th gave evidence, Mr. Harrison might never have devoted one hour of his life to original and independent thought upon the tariff question — or, indeed, upon any of the various themes which he treated. When it was not repeating the regulation formulas of the party creed, such as they grind out on the *Tribune* composing machine, (Union-Labor, now,) it dropped into the sort of talk that you may hear nowadays all over the country, in cars and ferry-boats and hotel lobbies; futile little odds and ends of discussion, illogical deductions from meaningless facts, and cheap little accusations of inconsistency. Boil down Mr. Harrison's original contributions to that letter, and you will find the gist of them singularly like these familiar utterances: — "I tell you, sir, I did fifty per cent. more business this year than I did the first year Cleveland was elected. No Free Trade for me!" — "When my partner was in St. Louis last month he saw with his own eyes a car-load of American tin — with his own eyes, sir! And you're going to tell me there ain't a tin plate industry after that!" — "Do you mean to say there ain't any lawlessness in the South? Well, then, do you mean to say that lawlessness is all right?"

A poor, pitiful letter, indeed! A most depressing and discouraging letter to fall under the eyes of a lot of jaded, over-assessed, unenthusiastic Republicans, all waiting for a "ringing battle cry" to echo to the chilly heavens! And the man who wrote it! How was it possible to get up a genial glow of admiration for a man who made such a weak and uninspir-

ing showing for himself? Was this prolix, straggling screed to move men to throwing of their hats in the air and splitting of their lungs with maddening, delirious cheers? Such were the questions that saddened the hearts of the Republican men on the morning of that bright, but cool Autumn day, Tuesday, September 6th, 1892. And the morning passed and noon came, and then evening, and then arose Mr. James G. Blaine, with a bitter joy in his heart and with his shrewd old eye cocked toward the setting sun, as it sank beneath the icy waves that beat upon Bar Harbor's shore. And he gave his letter to the public. It was not a letter of acceptance, because Mr. Blaine had nothing to accept, unless it might be, as the old joke runs, the situation in which he found himself. But if he had had a Presidential nomination to accept, Mr. Blaine need only have added one little sentence to that letter to make it a letter of acceptance of the fullest and completest sort.

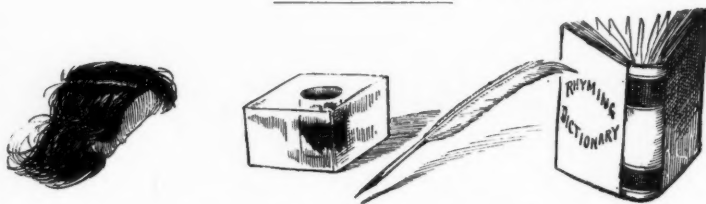
For that was a letter! No beating about the bush there! No wandering nor fluttering nor sputtering! No six columns of desultory dreariness. No, indeed. Hardly more than a column in all and a slap-bang-here-we-are-again in every paragraph! Gammon, of course, and old enough gammon, too — perhaps too old to be really serviceable if it came to the test of actual use — but gammon with the real Blaine snap to it; with the self-assertive, convincing dash and swagger that nobody can put on to compare with Blaine; the kind of thing that sounds well, and goes well — so long as it can go in a hurry. Gammon, of course — "Thomas Jefferson was a protectionist: Thomas Jefferson was a Democrat: Democrats ought to be protectionists — The McKinley Bill did n't go just right at first; but it's working elegantly now, and is going to work still more elegantly in the future — Reciprocity is building up a tremendous trade with South America, positively tre-e-e-mendous, and we'd all have been millionaires if somebody had only thought of the idea before I did — Those Democrats are at their cheap-money tricks again: they want to flood the country with an irredeemable currency: never can trust 'em, never in the world!"

Fine old smoky gammon, you see. In fact, you might call those two letters gammon and spinach. But the gammon has a flavor to it, and the spinach is so old and wilted and flabby and insipid, and then so ill-prepared and innutritious, that it seems a shame to couple the two names. And this, if you please, is the accepted leader of the Republican Party who has made such a lamentable and uninteresting failure of his first attempt to proclaim his new leadership. And this, if you please, is the rejected leader of the Republican Party who gets up, and in an off-hand manner shows him how he ought to have done it. It is but a bluff, of course; but, oh, what an admirable bluff! Note the artistic way in which it is done. Both letters are dated September 3rd, both are published September 6th; the dull one in the morning, the smart one in the evening, after people have had time to realize the exceeding weakness of the dull one. The one is long — too long; the other is short — but not too short. The one is timid, mincing, equivocal; the other is bold and audacious. The one tries to bolster up its feeble assertions with feeble little bits of testimony; the other fibs away as frankly and fearlessly as though truth were no more than a matter of taste. The one falters and fools with the Force-Bill issue, and only succeeds in showing that the writer knows that the bill is indefensible and unpopular, and constitutes a mean cause to champion; the other utterly ignores the subject of the Force Bill; so utterly and completely and totally that you can not help seeing that the writer has confidence enough in his own powers of impudence to keep up his intrepid policy of ignorance for the two months that lie between this and Election Day. And, last of all, note the Blainiest touch of the whole business. Mr. Blaine puts forth his plan of campaign, not when it might be practically tried, not when it might serve as help or suggestion to his chief and conqueror; but only after Mr. Benjamin Harrison has spread before the world the policy born of his sadly common-place mind, and has hopelessly committed himself to every error of judgement which he could find room to make in six columns of closely printed matter.

"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!"

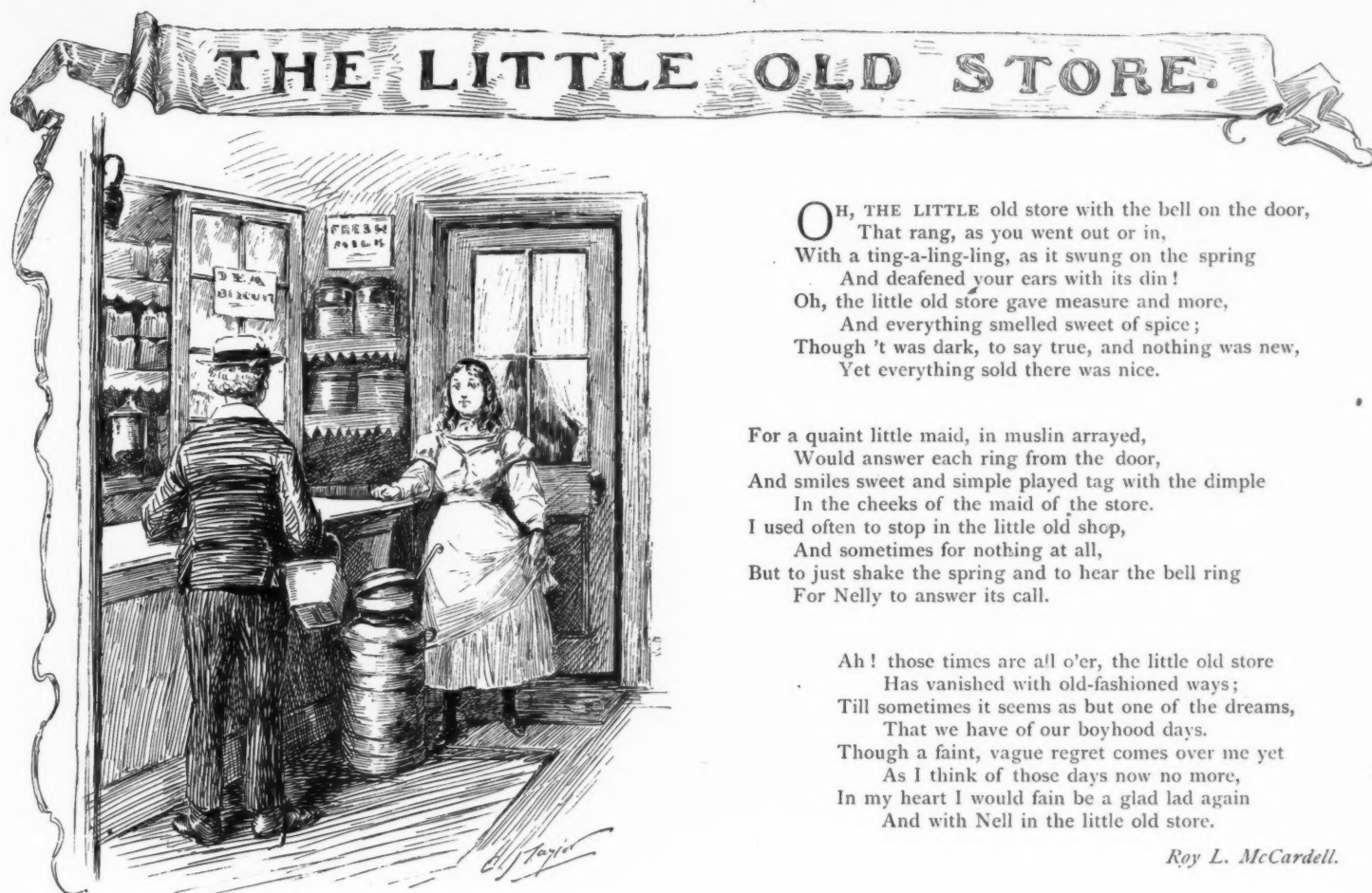
Gladstone, when hiding from that calf,
Must have felt a gladsome glee
To know that he had not cut down
That one important tree.

W. H. W.



THE ELEMENTS OF POETRY.

We can go the "Century" several better.



OH, THE LITTLE old store with the bell on the door,
That rang, as you went out or in,
With a ting-a-ling-ling, as it swung on the spring
And deafened your ears with its din!
Oh, the little old store gave measure and more,
And everything smelled sweet of spice;
Though 't was dark, to say true, and nothing was new,
Yet everything sold there was nice.

For a quaint little maid, in muslin arrayed,
Would answer each ring from the door,
And smiles sweet and simple played tag with the dimple
In the cheeks of the maid of the store.
I used often to stop in the little old shop,
And sometimes for nothing at all,
But to just shake the spring and to hear the bell ring
For Nelly to answer its call.

Ah! those times are all o'er, the little old store
Has vanished with old-fashioned ways;
Till sometimes it seems as but one of the dreams,
That we have of our boyhood days.
Though a faint, vague regret comes over me yet
As I think of those days now no more,
In my heart I would fain be a glad lad again
And with Nell in the little old store.

Roy L. McCardell.

NO DRAWBACK.

"The trouble with my boss is that he makes me do every blamed thing *his* way."

"I wish mine would. I'd lunch at the Savarin every day and go home at four o'clock."

DISCRIMINATING.

MISS GOLDUST.—You are a friend of Mr. Upson Downes, I believe?

KIRBY STONE.—No.

MISS GOLDUST.—Why, he told me he was a friend of yours!

KIRBY STONE.—Oh, he is! but I make it a rule never to borrow, myself.

SUMMER ENGAGEMENTS.

BEACH.—These seaside hotels are mere boxes.

SANDS.—Yes. Boxes of matches.

INFORMATION GRATIS.

"Who was Balaam?"

"He was the first Vicar of Bray."

IN GOOD TASTE.

"Why did she have such a quiet wedding? Anybody dead?"

"No; but her husband was a deaf mute."



"A CHINA MUG."

THE DESIDERATUM.

GROWELLS.—You ought to send these poems of yours to some editor.

VOWELLS.—Do you think they would be published?

GROWELLS.—No; but they might be *edited*!

TO BE TAKEN FOR GRANTED.

"Won't you let me kiss you, just once, Minnie?"

"Why, Harry! That is not a proper thing to *ask* a young lady!"

DURING THE dog days we usually have cat nights.

THE THERMOMETER was at ninety-five, and a shower was commencing. Willie was mopping his brow with his little handkerchief, as the first big drops began to fall. He watched them for a while, then exclaimed: "Oh, look, Mama! Even that cloud is perspiring!"

OVERWORKED.

"This leap year is an awful bore,"

Said Cupid, in a huff;

"For, when I shoot for girls, a score
Is never deemed enough!"



DELIA'S DECISION;

OR, MR. DALY'S AWFUL MOMENT OF SUSPENSE.

MRS. HIRAM DALY.—And why won't you take the place, Delia?

DELIA DENNY.—Will, Oi loike the place, all roight; but Oi cud n't shtay in a house wid such a woild-lookin' sick man in ut.

MRS. DALY.—Oh, there's nothing serious the matter with Mr. Daly, Delia; only, you see, I've had to do the cooking myself for the last few days, and he is n't feeling very well.



(Began in Puck, No. 806, August 17th, 1892.)

THE STORY OF THE CONSCIENTIOUS PLUMBER'S FIRST UNCLE.



IT WOULD BE putting it mildly to say that the Conscientious Plumber went into transports of rapture when he was asked to take his place at the table of the Millionaire of Pea Pack. It was several years since he had had the pleasure of dining in such style, as he had never enjoyed such a luxury except in his father's house, and among the people who were the true and trusted friends of the family during its period of wealth and prosperity.

During the meal the conversation turned upon the subject of painting, and the Conscientious Plumber quite astonished his patron with his wide and varied knowledge of all kinds of pictorial art. He was well aware, or, at least, he felt sufficiently sure of his premises to suspect, that the pictures of the Millionaire of Pea Pack had been selected for him by some expert, and that the Millionaire intended them to reflect favorably upon his own taste and judgement.

"If he could make such a selection as this," mused the Conscientious Plumber, "he would naturally smoke a better cigar. His cigars and pictures are not in harmony—they agree about as well as his verbs and nouns. But I will again apologize to myself for so cruel a reflection upon one so great and good as the Millionaire of Pea Pack."

"Now, suppose you tell us the story of your First Uncle—the story you promised us this morning. I have a few letters for you to answer this afternoon; and I think the story would be just the thing to go with the cigars and coffee," remarked the Millionaire of Pea Pack.

"Very well," replied the Conscientious Plumber, "I will tell you the story of my poor Uncle Lawrence. He was one of the most unhappy men that ever lived, and as you would never guess the cause of his unhappiness, I will tell you that it was all owing to his wealth. In such an age of humbug and chicanery as this is, you may justly smile a smile of righteous surprise upon hearing so singular a statement from one who can vouch for its truth. But still I can assure you that Uncle Lawrence was miserable, except at those times when the subject of his wealth did not occupy his thoughts. These periods he called his happy moments. To make the case clearer and more intelligible, I must state that Uncle Lawrence was not unhappy because he could not see a way or devise a means by which he could double or triple the money he already possessed. The great sorrow, that bent him with its fullness and weight,

was born of his dream of the picture of utter despair he would present if he were to lose his monetary possessions, and to be obliged to go forth into the world and battle for the necessities of life.

"As paradoxical as it may appear, my uncle suffered all the pangs of poverty, while rolling in wealth, as no poor mortal ever suffered while in the direst financial straits. Consequently, his great aim in life was to keep his mind off his possessions as much as possible; and, to accomplish this, he often resorted to the most curious expedients.

"One of his innocent diversions was to play dominos with a dummy, or imaginary opponent. He would usually call this imaginary opponent by the name of the holder of the domino championship, and then do his utmost to vanquish him and win the proud title himself. He would become so carried away by the excitement of these contests that he would forget everything else; and, as he was usually alone with the imaginary opponent, he would call him names and accuse him of cheating if he happened to get ahead. And then he would keep the accounts wrong and cheat the imaginary opponent by placing the latter's counts to his own credit."

"Do you mean to say that he would actually cheat his imaginary opponent?" asked the wife of the Millionaire of Pea Pack.

"He would, indeed," replied the Conscientious Plumber; "and he would also watch his opportunity to do it; and when he had performed the unmanly act, he seemed to be prepared to defend himself in case his imaginary opponent accused him."

"But this was only one of Uncle Lawrence's many ways of keeping an imaginary wolf from the door. He finally abandoned these unprofitable methods of driving the one awful nightmare from his mind. I

think he is entitled to great credit for arriving at so sage a conclusion as the one that drove him from dominos to art. For in dominos he saw nothing but a waste of time, while in landscape painting he could see some profit—it would divert his mind from the cause of all his troubles, and in the event of his ever being reduced to the woful expedient of working for a livelihood, his knowledge of painting might enable him to make a living. At any rate, it could do him no harm, and would be in every respect a great advantage upon the game of dominos, which, according to my humble idea, occupies about the same position among games that the harmonicon enjoys among musical instruments.

"You will remember that Uncle Lawrence's idea in embracing the art of painting was only the means to an end, and that end was to make him unconscious of the fact that he might one day become impoverished and be obliged to battle for bread. And yet, he worked industriously every day at his painting,—more industriously, probably, than he could have worked had his living been the prime object of his efforts.

"My poor uncle was a peculiarly long-headed man, as well as one upon whose opinion of anything concerning art you could rely. He was

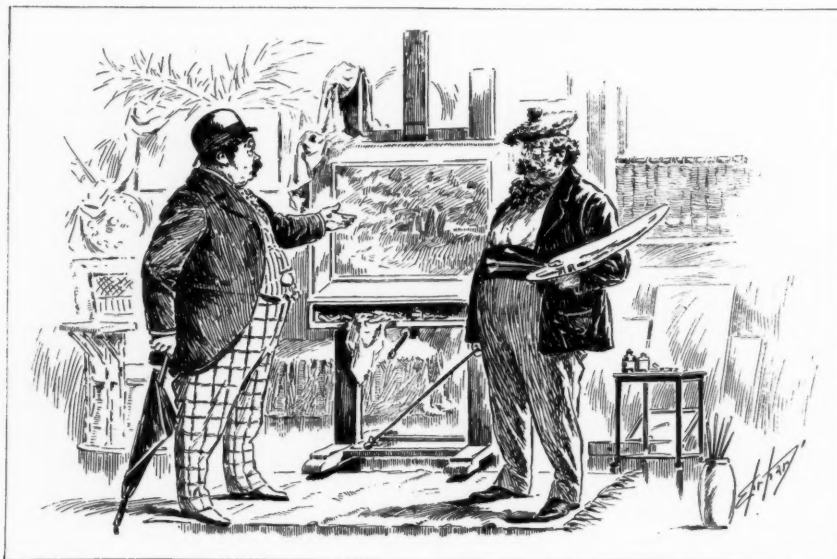
very bitter, I remember, in his opinion of the impressionistic school, and nothing delighted him more than to speak of the paintings of its exponents, whose works he usually called milk- and-water colors, on account of the opalescent effects so characteristic of them. It was one of his chief amusements to describe one of these pictures, in which the sky, sea, land, trees and cattle are all of a lavender tone, and which he argued women purchased principally because they harmonized so well with their evening dresses and note paper.

"And yet Uncle Lawrence painted impressionistic pictures because there was a ready market for them; but he disposed of them through a dealer who was under con-

tract not to betray him, and no one ever discovered his crime against art, because these works were signed Heliotrope Winslow, and were supposed to be from the brush of a young Boston woman."

"How ridiculous!" said Anita; "and yet I do not blame your uncle for painting those lilac fantasies when the people wanted them, even if they were pot-boilers."

"You are right, my daughter," said the Millionaire of Pea Pack; "and it was impossible for him to suffer. His professional brethren knew he was doing them for the money, and they would excuse him, while



business men would applaud him as being level-headed. When I was a banker, I only regarded banking as a pot-boiler, and it was nothing else."

"Only a fair-minded man would speak in that frank, open way," observed the Conscientious Plumber; "I consider that, when a man works only for a monetary reward, that work is pot-boiling pure and simple; and I give it as an honest opinion, and with no disrespect for any one. And, in saying this, I only echo the opinion of Uncle Lawrence, who was a thoroughly conscientious artist. I will now pass on to a later period of his professional career, when he was sufficiently advanced to paint the kind of pictures that appealed most strongly to his taste and conscience. And, although he was eminently successful, both pecuniarily and artistically, he had many ludicrous mishaps and drawbacks."

"I remember distinctly a most excellent landscape he painted near Sparta. It represented some grand old trees in a meadow that was billowy in the deep, mellow green of Midsummer. Some of the overhanging boughs almost touched the grass; and when I looked upon the canvas for a moment or two, I could imagine I heard the brooklet babbling through the back-ground of tall grass and hazels, and the droning of golden bees. I think it was one of my Uncle's finest performances. And yet he could not sell it."

"He sent it successively to the academies of Keokuk, Minneapolis, and Springfield, Mass., and no one would purchase it, although the papers lauded it as one of the choicest bits of landscape extant — a noble specimen of a noble kind. One day a thick-set man came into Uncle Lawrence's studio, and acknowledged that he was delighted with the painting."

"But," said he, "I am a butcher; and if I should buy that picture I would like to have a bull in the foreground. Just one would be enough to carry my business in it."

"This quite shocked my poor Uncle, who had never before heard of a man purchasing a picture on account of some commercial allusion contained in it. Yet he agreed to paint the bull in the foreground, because it would not make the painting inartistic, so he painted the bull; and the day before the butcher was to call to inspect the canvas, he was run over and killed by a railroad train, and my Uncle had the landscape on his hands."

"Now you would scarcely dream of so improbable a thing as another butcher coming in and falling desperately in love with the picture at first sight. But it was even so. This butcher also dealt in mutton and poultry and oysters, as well as in beef, and he wanted all these articles of home consumption represented in the picture. My Uncle was willing to paint the sheep on the grass and the poultry perched on the boughs, but he said his conscience would not allow him to put in the oysters, as the region represented was clearly inland."

"The butcher asked him to indicate the ocean in the distance, and have some oyster shells lying around, as if left by some picnickers. My Uncle agreed to this, and when he had the job finished, he received news that the butcher had dropped dead at the breakfast table, while engaged in a violent but futile effort to carve one of his own steaks."

"Again he had the picture on his hands; and, while he was painting the poultry out, another business man came in; and when my uncle had told him the history of the picture, he seemed inspired, and said:

"Why, my dear sir, I am a fishing-tackle dealer, and I think that would be a splendid picture to hang in my shop window. But, of course, it would be necessary to paint out the cattle and the oyster shells. You might change that distant rim of ocean into a mountain sunset, and that winding road would work up beautifully into a trout brook. I would like to



have a pickerel flying out of the water on a parabolic curve, and a couple of trout lying upon the greensward beside an angler's basket. If you will make these little changes, I will take the painting."

While the Conscientious Plumber paused in his narrative to re-light his cigar, the Millionaire of Pea Pack observed:

"I declare, that is about the queerest thing I ever heard of! but I suppose painters have to fix things over now and then?"

"Frequently," replied

the Conscientious Plumber, "because they must sell their work. If a prospective purchaser who has just made a fortune in soap says a tree is n't quite green enough, the painter agrees with him, for the fun of the thing, and that tickles the soap man's vanity, and flatters him with the idea that he really knows what he is talking about, and he is so overjoyed by the delusion that he buys the picture."

"The strange feature of this landscape of my Uncle's was, that when a man attempted to purchase it, he never lived long thereafter."

"While my Uncle was fixing it for the fishing-tackle dealer, that worthy man was stricken with pneumonia, and never got up. When my Uncle heard of his sickness, he hurried around with the canvas, pretending that he would cheer the patient up, but, in reality to sell the painting and secure the check before the customer could pass away. But, as Uncle Lawrence was running up the stairway three steps at a time, the weary mortal closed his eyes forever."

"What became of the picture then?" asked Anita, with an expression of great curiosity.

"It went back to the studio, and remained there until my Uncle fell in love with a beautiful young woman. But he had a rival, who was also looked upon with some favor. He was extremely wealthy — worth perhaps ten times as much as Uncle Lawrence was, and, finally, this fellow won her."

"My poor Uncle was so overcome that he could not contain himself, especially when he received an invitation both to the wedding and the wedding breakfast. He paced the floor, and would not be comforted for days. Then an idea dawned upon him. And when the day of the wedding arrived, he went around to the breakfast and took the picture with him. He told the groom that he wished to present the picture to him, and that he had not had time to finish it until then. He had already made the bride a present. The groom was greatly surprised at such an innovation, but accepted the painting with a few fitting remarks."

"It proved fatal, for when the bride and groom were going down the stone steps to the carriage, the latter, in trying to dodge a well-aimed shoe, slipped and fractured his skull, dying almost instantly. My Uncle, in due time, won the widow, who inherited all the wealth of her husband of an hour, and they still live in happiness and prosperity out near Hackettstown."

"And what become of the painting?" asked the Millionaire's wife.

"My Uncle still keeps and treasures it as a dynamite bomb; and woe to the picture dealer who ever tries to swindle him. I might also add that even as my Uncle was once the unhappiest man in the world, he was precisely the opposite when he won the pretty widow."



(To be continued.)

BUSINESS.

THE POET sang of Phyllis fair,
Blue eyes true and golden hair,
Of a wild heart wish which was to deck
With costly gems the fair nymph's neck —
And the Poet's wife, she did n't care;
He could rave all he wished of women fair,
'T was a little thing she could lightly bear —
When he sold the poem, she got the check.

Roy L. McCardell.

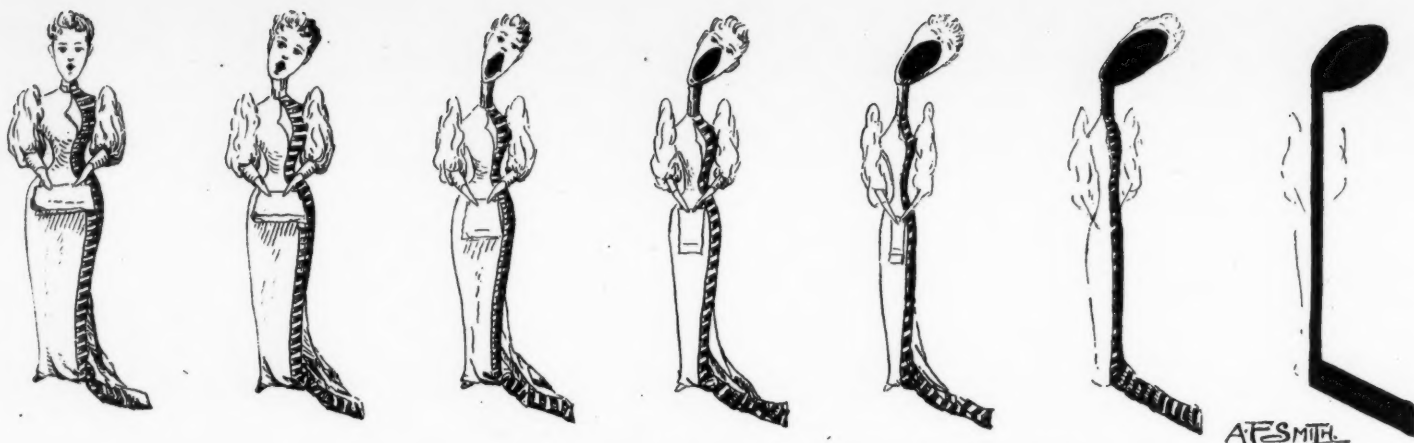
THERE is a steamboat plying on the New England coast called the *Monahansett*. Even as *Monahansett* is an Indian name, so is *Monahan* an Irish cognomen. And these facts make it seem very clear that the name of the steamboat refers to the tribe of Irish Indians that supplies the bounding aborigines for the traveling circuses and side-shows.

A CELTIC CUT.

MR. SAM HARRITAN.
— Why don't you get a horse, Mike, to carry that load?

MIKE. — So I would, sor; but I'd be afeared I'd be arrested fur cruelty teh animals.





HOW AN ARDENT MUSICAL ASPIRANT, REACHING FOR HIGH C,
BECAME A WOMAN OF NOTE.

AN INSTANCE.

"That missionary used to be a cannibal."
"Really? He bears out the old German saying that a man becomes what he eats, does n't he?"



A GRAVE SYMPTOM.

PHYSICIAN.—Have n't felt well lately, eh? What seems to be the trouble?

PATIENT.—I don't rest well—last night I dreamed that a Broadway car stopped to let me get on.

PHYSICIAN.—My dear sir, this is serious—you must have complete relaxation from business, or I will not answer for the consequences!

EXPERIENCE NEEDED.

"Her cake is dough."

"Yes; but, poor thing, she has n't been married very long!"

THE VALUE OF REST.

"Hustler was all broken down when he went on his vacation. How did he return?"

"Broken up!"

HIS REPUTATION.

"I don't think"—began Howell Gibbon.

"So I have heard," quickly responded the cruel girl.

RHYMES FOR —.

POET (*in a hurry*).—I can't seem to think straight to-day! Give me a rhyme for blank, will you, Professor?

PROF. ANE.—Ham, Ram, Sam.

APHORISMS.

THE MAN who is hard up can't very well come down.

THE BOARD of health may be variously composed, but the board of dyspepsia clings feverishly to oatmeal.

IT'S SELDOM the same divinity that shapes both our ends; for the D. D. who christened us is very likely to die before he has a chance to preach our funeral sermons.

EXTRA LINEN NOTE.

FANNY T. PHAYRE.—Mrs. Wilson says when her husband made his proposal to her, he wrote it out on his cuff. He did so because he was diffident, I suppose.

JANE PUSSLEY.—It's more likely he did so because she was his washerwoman.

OSSIFIED.

BINX (*a bear, mournfully*).—Oh, the times are all out of joint!
JINX.—No wonder the market is stiff.

THE DOUBLE FLAT.

Sometimes upon the stairway dim and dark
I pause confused, and know not where to turn.
One single gas-jet shines far down below, a spark
Of livid, ghastly blue that hardly seems to burn —
(To such a science have they got it finely down
To save expenses, here in the Hoodoo Flats.)
And all amid the dusk of soft, seal brown
I fall and stumble o'er the landing mats,
Astray upon the one and twentieth floor,
And know not I am home, until I hear,
Above the gentle murmur of the house rise clear
That jocund yodel of Bigges' eight-day brat next door.

Roy L. McCardell.



GAINING TIME.

MOTHER.—You must hurry or I shall leave you. You don't want to be left, do you?

DOLPH.—I dunno—make believe leave me—an' I'll see.

POST HOC, ERGO PROPTER HOC.

Thus saith the statesman, wise and broad:

"The tariff is good, we know,
For a dollar was worth two-eighty-odd
Some thirty years ago,
While we all know now its whole expense
Is only a paltry hundred cents."

J. Ed. V. Cooke.

A FABLE FOR FARMERS.

A Sheep was once trying to graze when Snow lay thick on the Meadow, and the North-East Wind was Blowing. Along came an Infant Industry, who said: "Poor, naked Sheep! How cruel are they who send thee forth Unclad in this bitter Wind! Behold, I will protect thee!" And the Infant Industry took out his Shears and sheared the Sheep; and of the Wool he made a Coat, and he put it on his own Back, and stood up Proudly against the Blast.

And the Sheep, shivering in his shorn Hide, chattered feebly: "Dost thou call *this* Protection?"

But the Infant Industry looked with Scorn at the Sheep, and said: "Fool! dost thou not see that I stand between Thee and the Wind?"

EXPENSIVE MISSILES.

PROTECTION ORATOR.—Now, my farmer friends, as an example of the benefits of protection, I would call your attention to eggs.

WORKINGMAN (*throwing an egg, which breaks on the orator's front teeth*).—I ain't no farmer, an' I came here to call *your* attention to eggs that cost me three

cents a-piece on account of your McKinley Bill! I'd throw a dozen if I could afford it.

THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT—Next March, we Hope.



"A STRAPPING BOY."



WONDERFUL.

MR. HARDACRE.—Tell you what, Becky, that Mariah of ours has got musercle talent. Only two lessons and she can play with one hand, already.

AN OBSERVING PARSON.

He saw the brethren slumbering,
And heard them snoring long and deep,
And to the choir he said: "Please sing
'He giveth his beloved sleep.'"

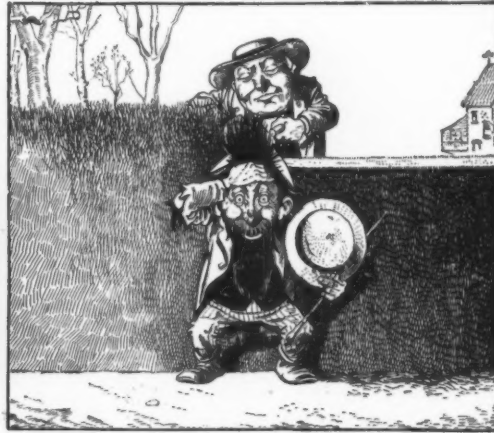
THE NEAR-SIGHTED GARDENER; OR, HOW WANDERING WILLY SECURED A HAIR CUT.



I.



II.



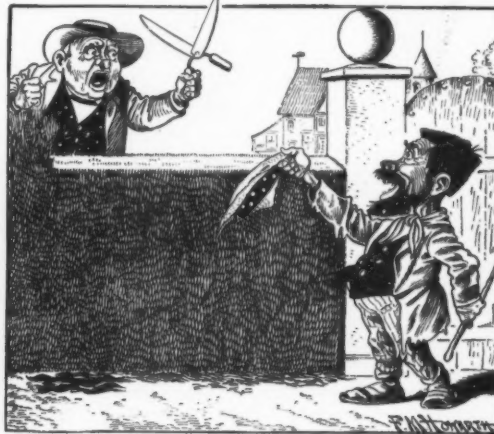
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IV.



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VI.

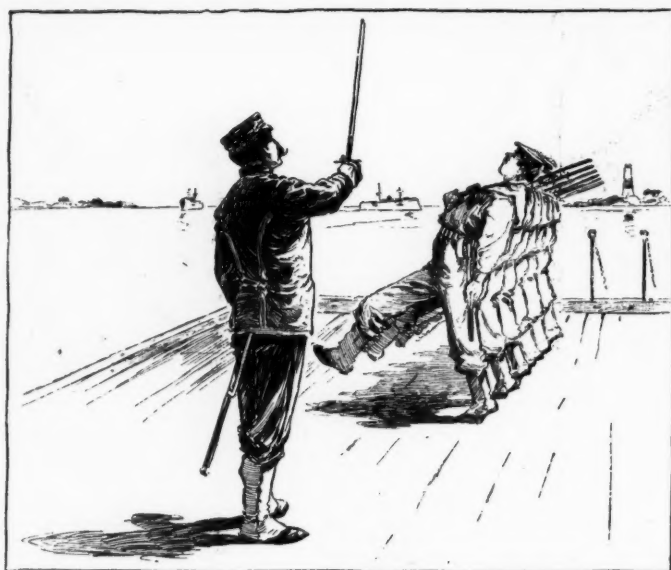


THE SOCIAL TREADMILL.—FASHION KEEPS HER

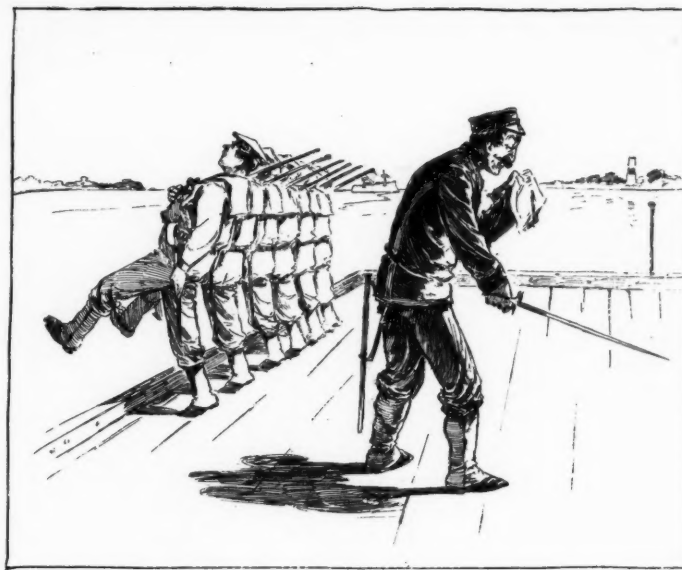


DISCIPLINE.

"Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do and die."



"Forward, March!"



"Confound it—A'chew! A'chew!"

AT THE STYGIAN RESORT.

NEW ARRIVAL.—And how long are *you* here for?

LOST SOUL.—Oh, just for the heated term.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

HOFFMAN HOWES.—I see by the papers that the Pwince started waising hosses five yeahs ago.

HOWELL GIBBON.—Ya-as. And we must do everything the Pwince does.

HOFFMAN HOWES.—But how the dooce can we start waising hosses five yeahs ago?

IN CHICAGO.

SKIPLEY.—See that woman talking to Major Brassey? She and I are engaged.

RIPLEY.—Engaged, you idiot? Why, that's your wife!

SKIPLEY.—I know it—but we are engaged to be divorced.



"Halt!"

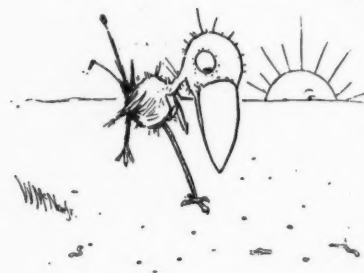
TWO BOTTLES WOULD CURE ALL THAT.

DR. SQUILLS.—Say, we must send a bottle of our liver cure to Mr. Longfellow Lillipad, the Gowanus poet.

ASSISTANT.—Why?

DR. SQUILLS.—I have just read his last poem in the *Wayup Magazine*, and he has all the symptoms that the Universal Peptic Panacea cures.

He has "wondrous weariness," "undefined desires" and "heart-haunting pains."



"A HUNT BREAKFAST."

THE CITY MAN may laugh at the seashore farmer for many of the grotesque things he does while in the bustling town; but the agriculturist of the coast makes matters even when he observes the urban swell in the act of placing a knife blade between the shells of a clam, preparatory to driving it in with a hatchet.

TALK BUSINESS to your best girl, friend Callow—not moonshine. She can buy better poetry in print than you can ever write for her.

ABOUT THE hardest crop to raise on a farm nowadays, is the boys in the family.

PATENT LEATHER SHOES are very comfortable for Summer wear, if you have a pair of scissors and the ingenuity to cut them just where the shoe pinches.

IT COMES THICK, THERE.

CHICAGO MOTHER.—Dear me! What have you been doing? How did you get yourself so dirty?

LITTLE SON.—Been making mud pies in the bath-tub.

HIS REASON.

She is charming and stylish and clever,
She is fair as a flower, and young
As a morning in May. No one ever
To a lovelier creature hath sung.

Her beauty possesses a glory
That makes my heart quiver
and throb.
But I never will tell her my story;
For I've seen her eat corn off
the cob.

Maude Andrews.

IN BOSTON.

BOSTON CHILD.—Mama! Mama!
The baby has fell out of the window!
BOSTON MOTHER.—"Fallen," you mean, dear. Quick! run for the doctor!

WE MAY strive to know ourselves; but no man can find out personally that he is afflicted with the habit of snoring.



EYES AND LIPS.



HERESOEVER she may go,
Quick the path before her
narrows;
For her lips are Cupid's bow
And her eyes are Cupid's
arrows.

Foolish youths, that jostle, strive,
Like a crowd of hungry sparrows,
Pause! Be glad you're still alive;
For her eyes are Cupid's arrows.

My poor heart, alas! could show
By each wound that hurts and harrows
How she uses Cupid's bow
And disposes of his arrows.

Swains, beware! The first you know,
You'll be toted home in barrows;
For her lips are Cupid's bow,
And her eyes are Cupid's arrows.

Madeline S. Bridges.

HE WHO RUNS MAY REID.

LABOR LEADER.—There is only one way by
which we can compel this man to discharge his
"scabs" and employ union men.

LABORITES.—What's that?

LEADER.—Get the Republicans to nominate
him for some office.

IN HIS LINE.

"Here's an illuminated missal for you," re-
marked the wife of the book-collector, as she
threw a lighted lamp at her husband's head.

THE DECAY OF ART.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
To stately measures she gave tongue;
But senile now, the live long day
She chortles "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay!"



LAYING THE PIPES.

VOICE FROM NEXT ROOM.—What are you doing, dear?

MR. T. AKER TRIPP.—Writing to my cousin John.

VOICE FROM NEXT ROOM.—Why, you have n't seen him
in twenty years!

MR. T. AKER TRIPP.—I know it; but I've heard that he's
gone to live in Chicago, and the World's Fair's next year,
you know.



IN THE MINNESOTA WOODS.

TRESTLE (to his rod-man).—Great Scott!
(biff) How can you (swat) stand them, Stakely
(smack)? Where the (swipe) deuce do you
come from?!

STAKELY.—Newark, N' Jersey. Where'd
you suppose??

REGARD FOR APPEARANCES.

MRS. MCGROGAN-MULLIGAN (at De Ale's
Annual ball).—Phwy do ye be shpoilin' y'r
purty dress rubbin' th' waist wid gr'ase?

DAUGHTER (a neglected wallflower).—To
make it look as if some wan had danced wid me.

A STRIKING ARGUMENT.

SMYTHE.—I don't see how you make out that
American laborers are no better off than the
pauper laborers of Europe; they
sometimes get twice the wages!

TOMPKINS.—Yes; but by
being on strike half the time
they manage to even that up.

MODERN AMERICANS only
half-follow the Monroe
doctrine. The husband
enjoys "peace at home,"
while his wife arranges
"entangling alliances"
for his daughters abroad.

ONE NEVER realizes
the full Power of
Woman until he sees how
a man, who can ha-
rangue the boys to the
wildest pitch of political
enthusiasm, will break
down miserably in dictat-
ing a plain business letter
to a girl type-writer.

MR. NEEDABATH (in
City Hall Park).—

I'm s'prised ter see you
sittin' here lookin' at the
water. Water! Ugh!

WEARY WIGGINS.—
Yes; but you see the
fountain is playin', not
workin'. Workin'! Ugh!

THE PRIZE-FIGHTER
is like the Walking
Delegate. He is hardest
at work when he strikes.

THE FLOATER in poli-
tics seems to be a
man who has got beyond
his depth.

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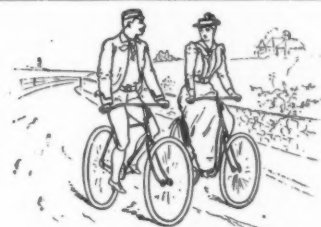
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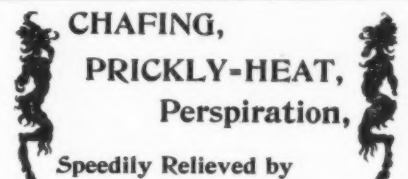


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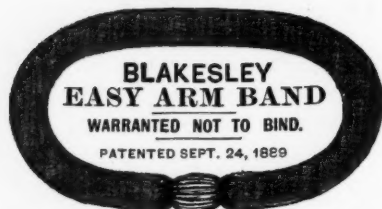
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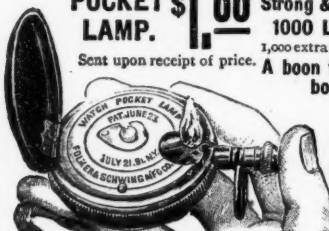
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A BERRY-PICKER generally gets what he can and cans what he gets.—*Texas Siftings*.

THE man who goes to school to his mistakes has a good teacher.—*Ram's Horn*.

No. 808A.

September 5th, 1892.

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THE GAME IN BOSTON.
LITTLE BEACON HILL (during a lull in the game).—It is pleasing to contemplate, Waldo, when one has "sevensed," to use the vernacular, that games of chance by means of the die, similar to those we now employ, were one of the most popular pastimes of the ancient Egyptians, dating from the time of Amenophis III, B. C., 1443. So make your cast, I have you "fated," to relapse into vulgarity once more.—*Truth*.

MUCH AS USUAL.

POLITICUS.—What are the people of New Hampshire preparing to do this year?

GREENLEAF.—The Summer boarder.—*Truth*.

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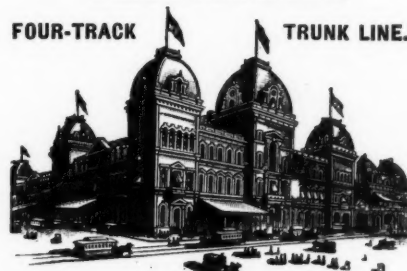
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A TERRIBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.
MRS. GREYNECK.—Why, Johnny, what makes you feel so bad?

JOHNNY.—Boo-hoo! Grandpa just fell down on the we—wet walk and got his clothes all mud.

MRS. GREYNECK.—I am so glad, my child, to find you kind-hearted and sympathetic.

JOHNNY.—Ye-ye-yes; and sister saw him and I—I did n't.—*Truth.*

IN THAT WAY, CERTAINLY.

TENAWEEK.—You surely do not regard poverty as a crime?

MISS GADFLY.—Well, yes; at least it is punishable by hard labor.—*Truth.*

BETTER THAN NO PLAY.

LITTLE DICK.—What shall we play now?

LITTLE DOT.—Oh, I'm tired out. Let's just pretend we is playin'.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

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LITTLE BOY.—May n't I be a preacher when I grow up?

MOTHER.—Of course you may, my pet, if you want to.

LITTLE BOY.—Yes, I do. I s'pose I've got to go to church all my life, anyhow; an' it's a good deal harder to sit still than to walk around and holler.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*



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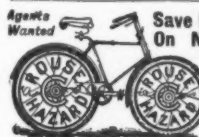
IF GOOD behavior would take anybody to heaven the devil would immediately start.—*Ram's Horn.*

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GENTLY MEDICINAL IN ITS EFFECT—VERY SOOTHING AND REFRESHING.

"By reason of my position as Editor of a Journal devoted to the interests of Barbers, I come into almost constant contact with them and know pretty well their requirements.

"I was well aware that the most intelligent and prosperous Barbers used your famous Williams' Shaving Soap, but it was only recently that I learned *why* they all used it and would have nothing else.

"I have just got my face in shape again after one of the worst cases of pimples that I ever saw, and which was caused by being shaved in a shop that used a cheap, coarse soap that was bought by the Barber because it cost three cents a bar less than Williams'. It was a poor bargain for him and me. It cost me days and nights of torture, loss of time, and a good many dollars for doctors' bills. It cost him at least twenty-five customers, for no one who knew what I had suffered wanted to be shaved in that shop.

"The Barber I patronize now uses Williams' Soap. That's why I patronize him."

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

Yields a lather that is thick, soft and creamy and very healing. It not only cools and comforts but **heals** every kind of eruption, sores, cuts, chaps, sunburn and irritation of every kind to which the face is subject. As a TOILET SOAP it enjoys an enormous sale, because of its well-known purity, its refreshing odor, and its gentle curative properties.

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The new discovery for dissolving and removing discolorations from the cuticle, and bleaching and brightening the complexion. In experimenting in the laundry with a new bleach for fine fabrics it was discovered that all spots, freckles, tan and other discolorations were quickly removed from the hands and arms without the slightest injury to the skin. The discovery was submitted to experienced Dermatologists and Physicians who prepared for us the formula of the marvelous Derma-Royale. THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING LIKE IT. It is perfectly harmless and so simple a child can use it. Apply at night—the improvement apparent after a single application will surprise and delight you. It quickly dissolves and removes the worst forms of moth-patches, brown or liver spots, freckles, blackheads, blotches, sallowness, redness, tan and every discoloration of the cuticle. One bottle completely removes and cures the most aggravated case and thoroughly clears, whitens and beautifies the complexion. It has never failed—IT CANNOT FAIL. It is highly recommended by Physicians and its sure results warrant us in offering

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MRS. HICKS.—Oh, in lots of ways.—Truth.

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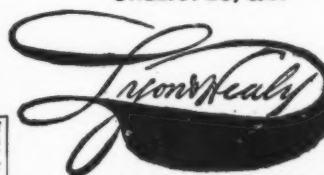
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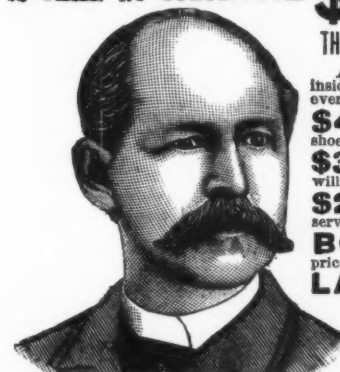
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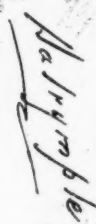
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